

THE HOUSE THAT

JACK BUILT.



WILLIAM B. ELLIOTT

1881.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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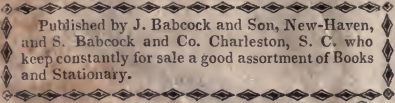
This is the House that Jack built.

THE HISTORY
OF THE
HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.
TO WHICH ARE ADDED
THE
TABBY CAT'S ADVENTURE.
AND
THE LAME PIGEON.



SIDNEY'S PRESS, NEW-HAVEN.

1824.



Published by J. Babcock and Son, New-Haven,
and S. Babcock and Co. Charleston, S. C. who
keep constantly for sale a good assortment of Books
and Stationary.

THE HISTORY
OF THE
HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



This is the Malt, that lay in the House
that Jack built.



This is the Rat, that eat the Malt, that
lay in the House that Jack built.



This is the Cat, that killed the Rat, that
eat the Malt, that lay in the House that
Jack built.



This is the Dog, that worried the Cat,
that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt, that
lay in the House that Jack built.



This is the Cow with the crumpled Horn,
that tossed the Dog, that worried the Cat,
that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt, that
lay in the House that Jack built.



This is the Maiden all forlorn, that
milked the Cow with the crumpled Horn,
that tossed the Dog, that worried the Cat,
that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt, that
lay in the House that Jack built.



This is the Man all tattered and torn,
 that kissed the Maiden all forlorn, that
 milked the Cow with the crumpled Horn,
 that tossed the Dog, that worried the Cat,
 that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt, that
 lay in the House that Jack built.



This is the Priest all shaven and shorn,
 that married the Man all tattered and torn,
 that kissed the Maiden all forlorn, that
 milked the Cow with the crumpled Horn,
 that tossed the Dog, that worried the Cat,
 that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt, that
 lay in the House that Jack built.



This is the Cock that crowed in the morn,
 that waked the Priest all shaven and shorn,
 that married the Man all tattered and torn,
 that kissed the Maiden all forlorn, that
 milked the Cōw with the crumpled Horn,
 that tossed the Dog, that worried the Cat,
 that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt, that
 lay in the House that Jack built.

THE BOYS AND CAT.

1 One summer's day,
Some boys at play,
Espied a tabby cat,
Which from its home
Had chanc'd to roam,
In search of mouse or rat.

2 The boys were rude,
And would intrude,
On Tabby's liberty,
The day was hot,
And puss had got,
Beneath a shady tree.

3 Says Tom to John,
Let's set Tray on,

And hunt the cat away :
Ay, that we will,
Says naughty Bill,
And called aloud for Tray.

4 The dog he ran,
And soon began
To worry the poor cat ;
When Ann and Jane
Came down the lane
And saw what they were at.

5 Jane call'd aloud
Unto the crowd,
And begg'd they would forbear ;
And Ann she said,



They should be paid,
If they the cat would spare.

6 They all ran fast,
But puss at last
Climb'd up into a tree;
The boys look'd sad,
The girls were glad,
'That puss from them was free.

7 Let's pelt her down,
Said little Brown,
And took up a great stone;
Jane begg'd and pray'd,
Ann cried and said,
Do let poor puss alone.

8 Their tears prevail'd,
Brown's courage fail'd,
The stone he did not throw ;
The boys call'd Tray
To come away,
That puss in peace might go.

COMPASSION.

Some rude boys had one day got a pigeon which was lame, and its wings being cut, it could not fly; so they had tied a string to one of its legs, and put it down to be thrown at with a stick, that he who should knock it down might have it: but just as they were going to throw at it, little Mary ran and begged them to stop, and said she would buy the bird. How much, said she, must I give for it? sixpence, said one of the boys. I have but fourpence, said Mary—take all my money, I do not want the bird, only do not use it ill. So they took Mary's money and

gave her the bird. She took care of it, and fed it, and it lived a long time in the house.

It would be very pleasant if we could now see how cheerful the poor bird used to look upon Mary every morning as she fed it.

How should we like to be thrown at with sticks or stones? poor birds can feel pain as well as boys and girls do: and it is not right to hurt any one of God's creatures—we should use them with mercy.

There are some men who do not think it right to kill any thing; and live only on grain, &c.



Some Dogs for pleasure, some for use,
And some of neither sort we find ;
But this great dog, which here you
see,
For watching houses was design'd.

